Dut. Good faith, good faith: the ſaying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee :
He was the wretchedſt thing when he was young ;
So long a growing and ſo leaſurely,
That if this were a rule, he ſhould be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, ſo no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope ſo too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine,
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pietty *Yorke* : I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they ſay, that my Vncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt, at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee ſo ?
Yor. Granam, his Nurſe.
Dut. Why ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too ſhrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorſet,*
Car. Heere comes your ſonne, Lord Marques, *Dorſet*,
What newes Lord Marques ?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince ?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health :
Dut. What is the newes then ?
Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are ſent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them ?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence ?
Dor. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſed :
Why or for what theſe Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I ſee the downefall of our Houſe,
The Tiger now hath ſeazd the gentle Hinde :
Inſulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon the innocent and lawleſ
Welcome deſtruction, death, a
I ſee as in a Map the end of all
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet
How many of you haue min
My husband loſt his life to g
And often vp and downe my
For me to ioy and weepe we
And being ſeated and domeſ
Cleane ouerblowne; themſelu
Make war vpon themſelues, b
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſtr
And franticke outrage, end t
Or let me die to looke on dea
Qu. Come, come, my boy, w
Dut. Ile goe along with yo
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Lady, go
And thither beare your treaſu
For my part, ile reſigne vnto
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betı
As well I tender you, and al
Come, ile conduct you to th
The Trumpets ſound. Ent
Glocester, and Buckin
Buc. Welcome ſweet Princ
Glo. Welcome ſweet Coſe
The weary way hath made
Prin. No Vncle, but our
Hath made it teadious, wea
I want more Vncles here to
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vnta
Haue not yet diued into the
No more can you diſtinguiſ
Then of his outward ſhew,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth
Thoſe vncles which you wa
Your Grace attended to the
But lookt not on the poyſo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37